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BOOK REVIEWS

ALL BOOKS LISTED HERE MAY BE OBTAINED, POSTAGE PREPAID, UPON APPLICATION TO THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY, COLORADO BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Outlines of International Law. By *Charles H. Stockton*, Rear Admiral U. S. N., Retired. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Chicago, and Boston. 1914. 616 p., including Appendix and Index. \$2.50.

The author in his preface calls attention to the fact that, by the Constitution of the United States and decisions of our jurists, international law is a part of the law of our land. He quotes Sir Henry Maine's observation that our statesmen and jurists traditionally "look upon its rules as a main part of the conditions on which a state is originally received into the family of civilized nations." It is refreshing to be thus reminded of the true meaning in our sometimes misunderstood neutrality while a shred of international law remained, and our present determined belligerency on behalf of definitely stated ideals of international justice. Admiral Stockton's book is exhaustive in outline, and plain and to the point in detail. Beside the questions of intercourse between nations in peace and war, he discusses in the second part of his book the formation, definition, and growth of states, with the development of rights and duties implied. In the introductory portion of his book he has two entertaining chapters on the sources and development of international law. If in any war in the future there shall be such a thing as a neutral nation, and if there be any chance that the rights of such a neutral will be respected by either party to the conflict, then the final portion of this work on "Relations between Belligerents and Neutrals" will have more than the temporary interest that is now promised for it. On the whole, this is a book that many students of international justice will wish to examine.

How Diplomats Make War. By *Francis Neilson*. B. W. Huebsch, New York. 1916. 382 p. \$1.50.

It is interesting to read this book in the broad sunlight and fresh air of the United States' war aims. It is a revelation of the murk and mire through which we have toiled and stumbled within the memory of our youngest children. We read the opinion, for example, of this recent M. P. and fervent pacifist: "It is a pity so many do not know all the wonderful schemes carried out by a vigilant Foreign Office for their individual well-being." Then we turn to—"Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view." There is perhaps excuse at this time, even perchance some necessity, for dragging to the light the sloven little trickeries and smirking practices of European diplomacy of the past fifty years and more. In the morning of a fairer day it is perhaps well not to forget too quickly just how noisome we had let the world become but a short time ago. The reading of this book will accomplish something else for the intelligent reader, which, if it brings new light to his thought, is a priceless boon. It will convince him that the one thing he and his will not have again in the world is the "peace" of the last half century. Even Prussian warfare will hardly seem so vile a thing. Given the choice of that so-called peace of inaction, subterfuge, lies, smug callousness, fear and bluff, or endless war, he will cry "Carry on!" wherever it may lead. Mr. Neilson's history is a true one; therefore it not only tells us how diplomats made war, but, what is more to the point, why we make war today.

America Among the Nations. By *H. H. Powers*. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1917. 358 p. and appendix. \$1.50.

The days of America's irresponsibility are past. It must now stop shaking the Monroe Doctrine at the others, and come in and sit down in the family circle of the nations of the world. To do this with decorum and credit, it must suffer a great and revolutionary change in point of view and

general attitude of mind. This, in part, the war will give. In part, those who occupy the rôle of prophet among us must accelerate it. In this latter work, Mr. Powers avers, "I would like to help if I can." With all due respect for a carefully written book and an utmost sincerity of purpose, we do not think that Mr. Powers is helpful. His conclusions are carefully drawn, but he is hopelessly embarrassed by the fact that the principle inspiring his analyses is practically identical with that inverted principle which we today call Prussianism. To him, America stands amidst inevitable dissolutions and dangers. Two "hungry nations" menace and will continue to menace her—Germany and Japan—not maliciously ferocious, but fundamentally so. Pan Americanism is a myth. Latin America is a liability, not an asset. It may well be our heel of Achilles. We must oppose force to force, growth to growth, against the hungry ones. Our reliance must be Anglo-Saxonism. To the power of fluidity of national policy, such as we are being taught today, and a lesson that we may learn sufficiently well to make it our own for the future, the author grants nothing. His faith is in nothing of less apparent substantiality than a closely cemented "racial unity." He admires unreservedly the British Empire and its way with the world these last decades. "It is by the growth of such aggregates as the British Empire with admission from time to time of new candidates for its fellowship . . . that we shall progress toward human unity." Where have we heard these words before? Was it not in Prussia? Were we to permit this thing advocated by Mr. Powers, how would it differ in principle from "this intolerable thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face"?

Under Fire ('Le Feu'). By *Henri Barbusse*. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1917. 358 p. \$1.50.

Probably the selections quoted from this book in our February issue will better inform the reader of its quality than a bare opinion here expressed. There one found a determined, albeit somewhat angry, mixture of internationalism and narrower socialism. But some of the best of the book, from the general reader's standpoint, is plain human nature. If the story of the One Night's Leave ("On Leave") is not a classic, worthy of the greatest, at least it may be said that the reviewer has read no better. Concerning "The Anger of Volpatte," anger at the people at home and in "non-shootable uniforms," the author has been severely criticized. It is said that he is unfair to his countrymen who are performing as necessary, if not as morbid, tasks. Of this it is difficult to judge. One would like to think that those who have been "under fire," as Barbusse depicts them, would be burned free of jealousy and spite, of easy resentment or suspicion. But if the author is half as human as the characters he has put in his book, one knows that the charges against him may not be wholly unjust.

No Man's Land. By "*Sapper*." George H. Doran Co., New York. 1917. 338 p. \$1.25.

We speak of millions where we used to speak of thousands, but, to the player in this game of war, it is very much the same thing now that it was in 1914-1915. Or so this author characterizes the fighting in the aggregate. In the special human instances it is as various as any other cross-sections of life, and so we find it who follow him through his eighteen "thumbnail sketches" gay and grim. He has not the same power as the French chronicler of the trenches, Barbusse, and little of the clean, dry, bright philosophy of Ian Hay, but those who have read those other two and are hungry for more will enjoy his farce and fun and curdle their dispositions with "The Song of the Bayonet" and other chapters. The author is by far at his best in his tales of errant fancy, as in "My Lady of the Jasmine" and "Morphia."